



Colin Jordan

Adolf Hitler:

The Man Against Time

With a prologue by the Colin Jordan Memorial Project



Colin Jordan

Prologue:

Colin Jordan is a man not many people talk about. This is nothing short of a shame!

Colin was the leading figure of British National Socialism; he had close ties to Commander George Lincoln Rockwell, Savitri Devi and Matthias Koehl.

The Colin Jordan Memorial Project have made this our second article to modernize because Colin Jordan wrote it to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Adolf Hitler's birthday; The day on which this article is issued.

The following is an excerpt from what you are about to read:

“It can be surely be similar for Adolf Hitler, the messiah of the Aryans.”
- Colin Jordan, Adolf Hitler: The Main Against Time

We wish to remind the readers to share the works of Colin Jordan to everyone you know; his writings are a blessing to anyone whom has read them!

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- prologue -

Adolf Hitler: The Man Against Time

One hundred years ago — on the 20th of the fourth month of 1889, shortly after six in the evening — a most momentous event occurred in a small, hitherto insignificant border town in Austria. In Brannau was born that day to parents likewise insignificant a baby who had it in him to become the man against time. That is to say, within him was born the power to become the one capable of interrupting with a process of complete rejuvenation the whole trend of decay of that time, thus interposing a new era within the life-and-death cycle of ages.

Living later in Linz as a teenager, it was there — as vividly described by his boyhood friend, August Kubizek (*The Young Hitler I knew*, 1954 Allan Wingate of London edition, Chapter VIII) — that in the course of a night of communion with the stars on the summit of the Freinberg, the heavens opened up to him the secrets of his life, and Adolf Hitler came to know himself as a man against time. Thereafter, he was a person possessed by a lie driving force of destiny through access to the realm of higher perception; this showing in the extraordinary brilliance of his magnetic eyes and the extraordinary timbre of his compelling voice. By virtue of this power he was more man than in ordinary form.

So it was that he was able to miraculously to mobilise the discontent of a defeated nation under a degenerate democracy, moving a handful of men in Munich at the start to become through even bigger meetings and membership and public support the power which took over the state, produced the earthshaking articulation of the national will at the Nuremberg rallies, embodied in it the most popular regime in all history, and nearly — very nearly indeed — gained the final goal of world supremacy essential for complete Aryan security.

Here is what stands out most is not that he failed at the final hurdle, but he succeeded over so many for so long and for so far, his being an achievement never before or after equalled.

Vastly exceeding any mere politician, Hitler was also of the nature of a seer and a priest, and an artist as well, whose supreme artistry was the pursuit of superhumanity as the only surety of a postponement of time's work of decay.

Superhumanity was his ultimate ideal, because any really better society depends most of all not on better schemes but on better people to implement them; and producing better people depends most of all not on education and training, however important their roles, but on breeding them. The key to maximum progress is as simple as this. What is startling is man's failure, apart from National Socialism, to make use of it, thus is identified the exclusive and superlative merit of our creed.

Hitler sought superhumanity in two ways. First, his concern was the protection of the Aryan as the human being of potentiality. His way to this was to make citizenship of the state a matter of not of mere residence and thus mere geography but of race, and thus blood membership in the folk-community of the Aryan.

Secondly, within the Aryan folk-community his concern was the practice of positive eugenics to increase the best of the breed, decrease the lesser, and eliminate the defective worst. Here we have the pith and kernel of Hitler's message of salvation, the quintessence of the saviour's creed of National Socialism, his supreme justification, proof against all censure.

Vengeful time in the form of the forces of ruin allowed the messiah of the Aryans but six years of nominal peace barely to begin his great work of turning this decaying age into a golden one. The same span of years of war brought his death and the undoing of all he had done. Forty-four years later, has this wondrous man and his cause gone forever? Have they been completely defeated, utterly invalidated, and eternally relegated to the outer reaches of rejection as the acme of anathema?

Have the causes of the Untermenschen, the dark creeds of the "underdog" finally and forever ousted the Weltanschauung for an Atlantis of the sons of sunlight?

Indeed it can well look so, at least at first glance and on the surface. Maybe, even on deeper consideration, his was indeed the last chance for a renaissance before the cyclic conclusion of this age by atomic cataclysm, environmental exhaustion, and the disintegration of a mongrelised mankind. Maybe, this will be the end not merely of an but of the world itself, to be succeeded by life on another planet. Time — and the extent to which the saviour lives on in his followers — will tell!

Whatever the answer, one thing is certain: that is that “death” for a man of his magnitude can be no total extinction, as long as there are men alive to tell the tale. Instead, it is best restricted to a transition whereby the optical and aural image of the man passes entirely to the screen of memory. The counterfeit Christ of the Christians has remained “alive” through 2,000 years, becoming on this plane of existence, something not lesser but far greater than his prototype in one of the many Jewish messiahs of the period. It can be surely be similar for Adolf Hitler, the messiah of the Aryans.

Decisive for his transfiguration is the fact — never to be neglected — that he was beaten not morally but only materially, and this by a vastly greater muster of men and armaments, and after a resistance the magnificence of which the world had never before seen. The crucifixion of his creed was by the baleful spears of war alone, devoid of higher sanction from any worthier creed. His was the spiritual victory.

Thus his military defeat at the hands of his spiritual inferiors, and all their denigration of him, can but server to enhance his true image, assuring that he remains not only powerfully alive in spirit but so much so that he can become the spiritual conqueror of the future.

In this reasoning is encapsulated the whole higher meaning of human life, which is the struggle of the spirit to its victory over matter. His enemies have no doubt of his power of resurrection, given the patient and imaginative toil of his true disciples for whom honour is loyalty.

His mountain home, the Berghof, had to be bombed to ruins, and then the ruins had to be blasted to smithereens lest the bare stones become a shrine, and then a dense plantation had to be grown over the bare site, lest the mere ground became a place of pilgrimage.

In that homeland of his, the democracy of the military conquerors had to concede moral defeat by dictating the perpetual banning of not only any revival of the NSDAP, but even the songs, the signs and the ideas of National Socialism.

Over all his enemies, even two score and four years after they have pronounced him dead — and prompting their never-ending daily defamation — hovers the haunting spectacle of a Hitler whose power defies death, and whose spirit lives on threatening their future.



Theirs is a dying world anyhow, spiritually stricken beyond hope of redemption, and thus incapable of averting cyclic demise. In their frantic fear of Hitler's spirit, they are well on the way to overreaching themselves through a denigration exceeding the bounds of credibility even for the captive herds of their media; thus causing a reaction in his favour. Nemesis may not only be possibly, but not too far distant, they fear, and we hope. Some appreciable catalyst for this disillusionment can well come from the worldwide commemoration of this centenary, when — to the most agonizing disquiet of his enemies — we hold up the defiant torch to his memory with a thunderous affirmation that, despite all they have said and done, for us Hitler was right.

This centenary is indeed for us a high time of meditation, a veritable sacrament for our faith in National Socialism which always has been in depth of its nature a political religion, and now must have this quality brought to the surface and spread throughout its substance in order to have the capacity to context and conquer in the future.

As we focus our thoughts on the founder of our faith, embracing his spirit, we bring to life in memory all those who have lived and died in his cause, holding hands with them, and likewise with all those today, wherever they are, who actively serve that cause. Thus we create in comradeship of spirit a bridge of dedication, the past to present and resent to future

In doing so, there comes to us in consequence an emission of the sacred flame which imbued him. Then, in that moment is born within us an invincible renewal of the win to win. **Heil Hitler!**





Colin Jordan was the leader and founder of the White Defence League and also the founder of the British National Socialist Movement (Which is still leading British National Socialism till this day)

Colin was no fool either; being a graduate of Cambridge University with an honours degree in history. He was lucky enough to have forged a sort of friendship with one of the main leaders of pre-WW2 National Socialism in the UK, Arnold Leese. When Arnold Leese died, Jordan inherited it and that is where the HQ of the White Defence League was set.

Not only was Hitler right, but so was Colin Jordan!

Hail Colin Jordan!

- The Colin Jordan Memorial Project

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